

dimensional extent



michele flint

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*There exists so much gratitude in my heart for Kent, Rose,
Annette and Clara for their patience, care and friendship*

In memory of Roberto Bolaño (1953-2003)

[a poem is a place, like a soul]

1. the total abandon of clouds
2. chasing and being chased
3. by the flesh and capturing
4. the alienentity of one another
5. I was seized by earth creatures
6. I passed out and dreamt and curled
7. it felt like an eye nodding into an ocean
8. you woke me up with sand in your hands
9. it felt wrong to feel on my face, I giggled
10. like a shoal of minnows they passed by
11. your tongue, a susurration of leaves
12. the name you spoke back to me
13. a dance in the swirling wind
14. they took us by our hands
15. it pulled us out to elsewhere
16. we watched the onslaught together
17. even *they* were sunstruck– flung out to sea
18. floating, wondering when our time would come
19. I felt the sand, the susurration, everything blurred
20. they told us a dream they had, of a plane crash
21. there were no people, only debris and fire
22. they told us they think they are debris
23. our ears remained listful as we held
24. each other, the strength remaining, stars
25. everything, here, bright in the falling water

[when i yawn, i cry and a cloud falls out of me]

I define utopia as an equity of sympathetic attention

Seo-Young Chu

a poem is a place, like a soul. that's how i think, anyway. when i write poems i experience myself as a person i wish to be. as though the poetic moment made me into the poet, for a stretch. when i look back on the poems i have written in this collection i experience the qualities of my life that were so horrible, the schizo-affective tsunami we call a disorder, but i admire a supernatural optimism that supersedes the very illness that was conjured in the poet's heart.

it's relentless, this thing we call life, and i think that's why the poet is relentless, too.

in the wake of writing this work, approaching recovery, i experienced the poet bubbling to the surface. the poet was wishing, in the sensation of getting better, for some peculiar *obliteration of the present*. she was terrified, when she approached the sky from the ocean's depths, of how little we think of the past and the future. it expresses itself, subtly, in the poems. this, though, feels obvious to me—*the subtlety*. i think the phrase *sublimitas et humilitas*, of the christian tradition, describes the poetic moment and poetic becoming rather well. subtlety is the natural product of the sublime and humble slimy trail.

when a snail crossed the road, and made it all the way across, i nearly cried.

i include these wake-poems, almost like eulogies to the souls conjured in a time of deep desperation. perhaps they can exist as talismans of devotion, for myself at the very least, to those magnificent ghosts:

The Swamp Carries Magma, Too

You can feel how good it's gonna be in every ecstatic moment. It's a profound shame, the way we let it take us away from itself. I felt pleasure today when I touched the toaster and, the strange thing, I somehow felt the earth and magnetic field collaborating to make me feel alive. I wish to blur dualism more when I feel these ways. I wish for the rock to be electric, too, but perhaps that's a case of egalitarianism too far. I feel as though I only talk with friends and ants and it all makes me wonder what I've ever decided to do. I wonder if life will ever pierce death, fully, as I search for the queen and her babies.

Mathematics, in a peculiar way, surfs across class struggle unto the realities of biology into the severeties of god. The absolution of agony and the dissolution of grace in such and such a way such that we all receive it, too.

Belief, Currents

I am a maoist insofar as I believe in the necessity of struggle and liberation of subjugated classes. I am a catholic insofar as I believe in the veneration of saints.

I am limited, with intention, in my beliefs for the practical purpose of not feeling alone with my desire for a better world. I believe such that I may believe in the rich existence of all beings and feel evermore connected to them.

I listened to "Perfect Hustler" by John Martyn over and over tonight because it had that peculiar feeling, as though each listen brings one closer to god. Was it a mantra I sang to my dishes? I was so terribly exhausted and I wished for nothing more than for them to be done and for the suds to be wherever they go when they leave my hands and for the sheer simplicity of having golden teeth in the summer, sun shining, and the audience beholding. I think I'm in love with you, god.

We all have schizophrenia, the split-mind, the right and the left, the contraction and the expansion, the close and the open. We dwell in this realm to believe in a life outside of us... it's a misfortune, of course, to have the expanse finally eclipse the contract— we've made so many and then the world has made a mockery of them.

the poet just can't evade the trans-temporal perspective. she's simply there. the poet is marvelous for this, in all of us. when the world of meaning we live in has a soul travel there, the ecstasy...

it's a terrible thing, this ecstatic business, and there is not enough said about the immanence of agony.

the poet incredibly becomes the ecstatic business.

then there's an aspirational component, as though the past could become the future more beautifully.

it's a speculation, but a good one.

the poet, in the course of her works, schematized this book by means of a couple tables. places to rest her mug of coffee on, i guess. the schema begot all sorts of emergent and conflicted qualities, as though intentions had some wrestling way of being.

i include them to honor the poet and her primary function: the breadth of meaning, however perilous and confusing, to allow a vulnerable mind to touch another—

mathematics appears as an odd subject. i get the feeling the poet is engaging with some kind of mathe-magical thinking, however novice her equipment may be. when i was ten years old i had hypnagogic encounters with my father's gravestone that bled into mornings of school. in this period, i was a part of an elementary school mathlete team called *the mathemagicians* and i recall the only time i received applause for my dealings with the abstract like it was yesterday. i balled, to enter that state and be seen. i couldn't help it. it was convulsive.

table one

<i>I</i>	the literal	a <i>once-child in a dream</i>
<i>you</i>	the moral	a <i>dream itself</i>
<i>they</i>	the allegorical	a <i>hand drawing the dream</i>
<i>it</i>	the anagogical	a <i>wind passing through</i>

table two

1. *will* – a morsel lost in its environment
2. *teleology* – the tension of its scent
3. *deliverence* – will in the wake of teleology
4. *objectivity* – analytical behavior, emotional I.D.
5. *belief* – presence, absence, flicker: nostalgia, or, yearning
6. *artificiality* – dream as constructed of itself recursively
7. *narrative* – tuning to reader/writer
8. *techne* – intensity and creation
9. *facticity* – exhaustion
10. *expenditure* – I.D. with death
11. *polity* – democracy, futility, smallness
12. *meaning* – "a friend to us trying to talk"
13. *unity* – choral moments, time-spread
14. *meaning* – the preparation, the ritual
15. *polity* – anarchism, humility, vastness
16. *expenditure* – miracle, permitted
17. *facticity* – resonance
18. *techne* – the mortal fact within
19. *narrative* – reciprocal pain of reader/writer
20. *artificiality* – nature as constructed of itself recursively
21. *belief* – presence, absence, sustain: discerning nostalgia or yearning
22. *subjectivity* – grappled and wrestled with, the perilous nature
23. *deliverence* – the impotence of will we reflect on
24. *teleology* – the acceptance of its scent
25. *will* – the morsel, suffused

it's kind of bat-shit, the poetic moment, the receipt of an idea... what if we were all poetic moments, and only poetic moments, in love with one another? a flight of fancy that blurs the poet and the speaker... how exquisite...

i have this obsession with heaven seemingly superseding my love for utopia. i can't really explain it, it's just happening. i hope for people to understand the terrible place a desire for heaven comes from. i hope for people to hear or feel or even touch the heavenly moments poems are made of. the world loves from the belly—

i can't help but think of yawns when i imagine a person reading, or become one, the way the gesture echoes. there *are* yawns of earth, like ocher canyons or crimson lips.

i believe, whole heartedly— the depths of my heart, really— the marrow of my bones, even— that we write ourselves into existence. from the ocher canyons to the crimson lips.

1.

The canopy was a nest of spiraling light

I looked up, through the pulsing palm fronds

I buried my fingers in the soil

there were vultures, up there

thermal-guided along a circular path

I couldn't, supine in the mangrove, make out when they were
moving away from me or toward me

I felt their path, out into the sky, back to earth, bobbing

I closed my eyes

I wanted to see through theirs:

the *landscape*, the *sureness of flesh*, the *sweet decay*

It's all there, in their eyes, and through the reaching retinas
it all returns to them, over and over

One of them dove and landed in a field of wheat

the last claps of their arrival, before their feet even met
the ground, sent wind all around into a fury

It left behind a crop circle

I could tell even before my eyes were sent flapping up, then
soaring, then looking back, and

and there

it was there I saw what was so much more miraculous than
anything I'd ever seen before

I dove down and flew through the corridors of field

pure field

that's how it felt

and I saw you over and over, walking with friends of yours out
from behind every corner, one after another

each time the friends were different but each time y'all talk
all kinds of ways about extra-terrestrials

I wondered if you could hear my wings make
the standing straw rustle

it sounded like a pulse through the field

it looked that way, too

a splash of flight

a crop circle left behind

your presence

the conversations

the pulse of wings passing by

My eyes fluttered open

I began to panic

I plucked my fingers from the dirt and stood up too fast

it felt like I was falling asleep and waking up again and again

swamp strobing all around me

I fell to my knees

I crawled, searching for asphalt

the flashing field of vision

I trudged

the mire oozed off my limbs

I started to think it was my sweat

the strobining slowed

each wax and wane took longer

I was bobbing... in the blur between waking and sleeping I felt
like I was floating... or, maybe, being carried through
something... as if each heave was a nod...

I could hear the stars blinking behind me

I was looking down at patterns of concrete

their hostility evident

I remembered the field blown by angel wings

The layout of the roads were the spitting image

I then felt terribly astonished and nervous and it would be easy
for you to say I was scared and full of grief when I
heard the crop rustling

It sounded like a spell

I woke up to the words mumbling themselves, *sublimitas et humilitas*

dribbling out over my lips

I sucked it back in

I scratched mud into an itch

I rolled over

I choked on dirt

I made it to my knees and heaved

I couldn't get rid of it

The rippling throat, the buzzard's breath, the stench of ghosts,
the roadside corpse, the slowing traffic, the cerebral
stars

faraway, synaptic shimmering, liquid and electric

how it all, like a cloudless day or horror grasped, held
in your hand...

what made it all shine?

2.

I climbed up a tree, straight for the top

your roots crawled in the wake of each pull of arm, step, desire
to reach like leaves

across a life

I think you did

you felt the water falling from up high

how it soaked your roots

traveled through your body

wanted you to grow in it, the rainfall

reach up to it

so you could see the ocean, maybe

maybe

if we *want* it

I got distracted, my foot slipped

when the mud and grass took me in and I heard the ocean until
I... I think... I...



My life was ominous and beautiful

that's what I hope they'll remember about me...

I am an actor in the martyrful play

my suffering is ours

your suffering is ours

their suffering is ours

its suffering is ours

take it and treasure it and respond like your life depends on it

this is the only way to make it

pretty, cool

precious, constellated

like a night sky

we could be there

simply pulsing

living and dying

loving and crying

shameless and proud

3.

*light and body both, watching time pass... words in my ear
as I was coming back to*

I patted all around my surroundings to discover myself
on dry grass

was I swallowed and spit

or the swamp wasn't...

I nearly drowned in day

there wasn't a tree in sight

the sun felt closer, scorching my clothes

I saw the tatters fresh and golden, flailing in the wind, tuning
erratically

what *was* that

who, what

brought me here

thrown up over, across their shoulders, running from the world
in there

to out here

to the blistering heat

to the softest grass

4.

I sat up and curled in a ball to reduce the amount of sun to skin
contact

and to ameliorate the frays that went into stillness

they fell on my thighs

the cotton of my denim, curling back into position

Did they feel the relief, too?

5.

When grass turned into palms and I felt myself in a swirl
bumbling above the tips of the pasture, the hands
pressing all underneath me

I thought of trolls and goblins and knights and kingdoms and
my lungs hurt with the first breath

after the palms went on their way to wherever they go since we
conjured all the portraits of souls unique to our own

or was it just a melancholy making such a big deal out of
nothing

was it all stories of our yearning

against, or, for

like a wall, or, a goal, respectively

and was there some secret story of us wanting to pass

like a specter through the brick, or, phase like pneuma through
the fabric

How I longed to dance with them, since the grass or troll or
goblin hands left me

A cloud cracked and a moon gladed through my fingers and
caught me

my muscles relaxed

I fell like a lazy flower blooming in the night and splayed out
wide

It was gravel on my back, packed and dulled

I floated

Something about the stillness

it threw me upright, I dusted myself off... I saw fireflies
in the surrounding cloud of dust motes

sparkles, emeralds, all of them

I waded through the bioluminescent punctures, or, beacons,
how'd the light get in you? I'd playfully ask them,
one by one, cautious not to hurt any of them, wading

I felt crazy out there, but I felt the rubble on the edges of the
road on the soles of my feet

and the strobing constellations all around me

telling it over and over

the brevity of each life and their rhythms

all together

6.

I was in a sea of silk

the waves had me in it

embraced by the weave between gravity and tension

how dastardly, to be welcomed into the stretch

the thread count

like a fiddlehead around me

7.

Maybe it was just the stupor

but I believed in the ghastly face of Alzheimer's when I walked
through the corridors to see the somehow youthful
wrinkles

lapping over one another like seas on shores

they were frozen

the waves were cresting when the form gave out to stillness

it evoked the persistence of suddenness

When I think back to it I assume myself to be peculiar for
assuming the catatonia, too, even if it's only a stiff neck
and wide eyes for a few moments

it's some chemical reaction or physical contact

it shall deliver us

and take us

from what is promised

by every blink of lips, every smile, every tooth shone to us,
and I whimpered to imagine a tooth brought to my local
park, a great blade of a tooth with the wooden
scaffolding

prayer and contraction of time and space implied by the
molding, rusting, creaking

artifice of life

I had a daydream once

it was about the guillotine drawn into the town square by some
calamity of an individual holding their things all
together in their cradling arms like a kind of divination

how we cradle the torso to show the bravery of being terrified,
or how we end up bagless and carry trinkets we
wouldn't call or own

not even for a moment

for they desire something

I've been caught in the mire for god knows how long now
but I can't help discovering or creating

if such a crafting as unveiling (the intention, the timing, the executioners) could be considered separate from the acts of creation

and I broke down in tears to call everyone an artist again

every single hopeless thing a molecule in a slimy trail across the dermis

a nice and neat saline stream trailing the surface

of that awfully meaty flesh begging to be soft, persistent in it's sensitivity and manifestation

The cheek turned

(inside-out)

is a slimy place, too

I thought back to them, as I encountered it, the flora or fauna we compress upon the word *swamp, swamp, swamp*, over and over, waiting for it to ooze in... or did the word ooze out of the swamp, like I thought earlier, back there, where it all is growing and allegedly fresh

I felt like a plume erupting inside

to rest in the space between propositions

as though a cloud were being squeezed out of me

this has me thinking again about the notion of
bioluminescence

I wonder if there's something of an exchange here

where the fireflies synchronize like the moon across the surface
of the ocean, rippling

again and again and again like a rhythm

I wondered the difference between anhedonia and anosognosia
today, whether they played or were the same glade of
light, flickering... if pleasure and being aware were the
same thing, what is missing?

Which is to say, pleasure could be said to say something like

I love you

who said it and why are we like we're a cyclone together

when we are touching, like the air and sea and spiral

all together in the linear wake of us

our path or dreadful wish to be more

is that what they meant?

Everything *and* more like some perverse desire for the world to
be

and, also, how dare we oh world, wish for something more

like some net quantity of pleasure in relation to implied
negations of suffering

like I'm happier lately and I, I don't have to grieve so much
when I open them— my eyes—

like an admonishing of what we must hate together

like a death crawl praising life, as absolutely as possible

like tasting tap water and then the tongue wrapped around the
metal pipe it flowed through, could, could it possibly
be, so deeply, everything

and the absence of everything else

but, then

what?

The fireflies were sweet to me, how they illumined the absence
with their presence

and I fortuned a good fortune when I cast their light deep into
my memory, cob-webbed domain it be, corners

creaking, and how young I am to forget the last moments but
remember all those that came before it

I want to love them, too, the last moments

It's a proclamation of it all, without doubt, to live long enough
to remember our collective childhood joy

Is that the last gasp? The near-death heaven cull?

Every waking moment waiting for a promised next?

Anything you'd like for that, promised next?

I thought the universe to be a perilous place like

I just can't help but blow up all over and

meaning like shrapnel is taken from every bit into the clusters
of life we call our waking moments

I handled it all in the smallest of palms, shivers, waking
moments

I woke up this morning with gravel in my cheeks

I swept them back down to the earth and laid my fingers across
the craters they made in my face

Something about the persistence of them

their form on the ground

and where they've been let to touch for a little while

it all brought up in me a need to prepare for death, somehow,
this very moment



They said, one day, really not a voice in my ear so much as
yours

*I am the fact and you are the intensity and so I, with
trepidation and turbulence, ask you to pray for me
as I tremble through the sea, the atmosphere,
everything*

I wonder where you are, like, could you be on a stranded
island?

Do you remember the quality of love that has been experienced
by the world?

8.

I sat at the edge of the mountain

I looked up to remember what it was to see the world before it
all became a poem

a task, a chore, a thing to cross, intensity pure and simple

A glittering rock-face of minerals and sweat and not much
else... I watched the sweat ahead evaporate and become
wisps of ghosts climbing so easily and perpendicular
from and to the minerals that couldn't take it in

in time— that lost them, that had to wait for the rain to return
them...

and I was back, just like that, to my virtual preoccupations

I painted a snake, tail to head, from here to the other side of the
mountain

I wondered what the snake would say to the kiss I gave their
tongue

to decipher the code, to taste the delusion, to take the more in

9.

sharpened, impacting, perceived by the right person at the right time... the inspiration glowing like a synaptic fire... the crafts waiting for their fated expression

the lamps and streets and wanting for more ways to inhabit space...

I watched the fire make metal come to life

I watched it take forests and flesh and sensation by storm

as though it wanted us

more than anything to leave it all behind

in the name of creation...

then comes the new-age styling of analysis, how I love her dearly, as this contraction of space, wishes, and intuition, how she insists on being, as this expansion of our wishing spaces

I thought we might all be described perfectly by unique aphorisms...

each of us, a new one arriving, in a book of time like ink in hide, and ever since I think of the cadence and texture and persistence of everyone I meet like this... I felt feverish with it

the infection of a single thought

its slow spread from organ on, to other organs, a friendly way that infuriated me

It felt like it was all pressing itself into them and you and me without permission

like we were all being lost to the branding of our flesh by this dreadful quote book

Every young soul speaks through the hide, bubbling phenomenon emerging from the blistering hides of our collective *enterprise*

another word for *angel*

and sand and dunes and capturing glass funneling the world of us upward, somehow defying gravity like this and searching for a new order of time to live in...

a note on my distinctions between the poet and the
philosopher... one does it all on feeling and the other
on touching, it's subtle, the fact of intention in our work,
the difference between watching a door swing open and
grabbing the knob with our fist and its contents, but it's
worth it, both, the expansion and the contraction of time

both

cry the same tears, difference personified

and questioning

the same world

together

•

I love maosism

To me it had a soul and is then a person, therefore

and then there's this quality of life

It continues to love money

I love money

The concept but, like much in the way of concepts

and the absence of practical application, it simply isn't working quite right yet

Value is the application of power upon substances, like how we choose words for poems

Unfortunately, contemporary capital is an occluded, occult (in the proper sense), subject

It takes us to our desirable objects by means of the wind blown from the puffy chests of bankers and politicians

Sort of despicable, like this

I persist in loving everything that exists so I may manifest what exists in a different way

It feels, still, like jumping off a cliff and catching yourself just before you hit the ocean

I wish for this flake of micah to be worth twenty two dollars, does that make sense to you?

I believe this in part because of how the number tweets in my mouth when I speak it, but also I don't want anyone to buy it

my desire for it to just be there is obviously selfish, greedy, and exploitative, if you want to see it that way

I just want to inflate the value of the mountain so much

Twenty two dollars for every shimmer flying around in my
mouth

I contain within me a love of money and a consensus theory of
value

I would like to have access to resources, but how can we
receive one another in such and such a way that we can
perceive everything clearly?

Maybe, then, we could see the world hanging on shelves like
spider plants and the brass pendular smoke balls that
fumigate them with influence

I believe, wholeheartedly, this to be the meaning of the aisle

When I listen to the 80's U.S. hits I wonder about this endlessly

The calamity of our existence is a rather horid and danceable
prayer for us to be better, more aware, full people

10.

Pain appeared and swam through my veins like a herring
Agony comes off to me as synonymous with power, spiritually
speaking

the absolute quality of the movement, and the fetishization

I touched poison ivy again and again, curious about the
threshold

Evil, so-called "original sin", is a protagonist in countless
performances

it's often marked with blood and an inflammation of narrative
(itchy skin, so to speak)

This triunic feature appeared behind my breasts once when I
was feeling particularly down and out and I wondered
instantly

where the fuck did this come from?

I was motionless

breathless

pulseless

and I felt the atmosphere layer after layer stuffing my lungs
and I swear to god I was a zombie when I came back to
life

I sent a prayer out for a barricade to be erected in my path

all I experienced in this liminal condition were sensations of
childhood, visions of heaven, and the horror in my
hands

The first bite of a brain I took felt purely electric, seasoned
with flesh

I looked up from the delusion to watch the birth and death of
every herb that's ever lived

A sense of mystery cast my heart in a shadow of clues, as
though my organs were shielded by a fern-like,
fluttering, flux of shadows

Soon, I came to regard my innards as a swampy thing

It felt, strangely, as though every wall within me were nothing
but muck and mire sucking all my contents in

My contents traveled like rats through my dermis and when
they first saw the light of day their screeches
harmonized with the world around me

I saw the rats' eyes glisten behind their red tears and
remembered the way my pet rats played together,
cuddled up, seemed to speak whisker to whisker like
cans on a string...

I wish I could have died right there, to rest in that recollection
and leave such a terrible scene behind

Die I could not

learn, I could, barely

when I brought my arms up, out straight to shoulder height,
and walked toward you

it was just the memory of a hug I'd gotten lodged in my body...
and the perversion of the world we live in magnetizing
my motion to the wrinkle

to the glisten, the tissue

the flesh and your electricity

11.

Some kind of supernatural quality, the mica flaking against my
fingertips, but it was only that

profound and irreducible

as of cataclysm truly, some brute fact

I'm too exhausted to get into it

the *fact* and my preference for *intensity*

suggesting a necessity of resting

If I'm not exhausted staring at the peak

a point in the sky

how am I to feel

its implications in my muscles and blood and shaking fingers

I nearly passed out when I looked up next
each shimmer of mica was hot, sun-like, scorching, strobining
all around me

12.

I will for a moment and I encounter immediately the
duplicitous belief in death

There exists a wish not to die when I believe in it, and a wish to
die when I do not

an example of how our belief and desire get all mixed up and
hostile

I remember drinking dollars worth of malt liquor

and how the taste, over time, ebbed into nothing

I felt a drawing swerve within me, a pen across
ridges of intestines, and I saw
every drop of ink

I mourned the disgusting taste

and how far it had taken me away from itself

A bouquet of laptops splayed themselves across the apartment,
individual flowers and their thorns clinging to the
carpet

I opened them up one by one and I saw— was it for the first
time— light emitting diodes

each of them collaborated together to conjure an image, the
magic of the blur of our associative ways, such that
the screen could be legible in its expression

everything felt like this for a while, diodes dancing, when I
received an awful message from god

she reassured me my life would be as fine and dandy as she
wished it to be— more importantly, though, she wished
for me to recognize the wish nested in her curling heart

The wish for us to speak— confession is only a symbol— all
she wishes for is for us to all talk to one another when
we can, in the ways we can, for the sake of one another

There's a bizarre wish at the kernel of this seed: to speak as
though you are being spoken

To speak because you believe speaking is what brought you
into being

I'm grateful for every spoken word for this reason

I'm hateful for nearly every word for being unaware

but my hate loves you, the peril of our being

I take it all in and I'm refused any opportunity to accept it all as
my own

What a fucking conundrum

to accept the fact that we are inherently consolidated into the
flesh of an earth we only call our own due to the
authority of the english language—

I acquiesce a little more and realize that at the end of each and
every moment of conscious experience we are
compelled to receive ourselves, over and over in some
kind of calamitous way, by means of ourselves

I wondered today if you were a vision of god that I was, the
particular horror of happen-stance, compelled toward—

I pray every day for happen-stance and love and trust to be
constituted of the love and trust we express in each
unfortunate breathing moment...

What if happen-stance were a subject of its own— a friend to us
trying to talk to us

I hate less the people who love happen-stance than those who articulate their reasons for the electric chair

I imagine a world of articulation, not electrocution, and you cannot beat it out of me

If god is not real, and dreams as well, then we are not also— we are all together—

true



reality is to *truth* as *fact* is to *intensity*

13.

I love to run into echos so strong they make me believe I'd
dreamt everything between one sound and the next, or
like it was a hallucination

or it dreamt of me and I was sent there for some strange and
stretched moment of time, just to play along

In strange and stretched moments we are catapulted back in
time and hear our voice off the canyon walls

I'm wondering, too, where our voices came from...

14.

I scrounged around my desk for silence

I swept away the traffic and rain against the windows and the
clattering noise or rhythm of the gutter...

I even crawled through my vents and shushed the loudest
motor...

I plucked myself out of the rectangle so close to the ceiling and
tumbled down the wall into a curl on the floor

I whispered into the silence the deepest worry I'd ever had
about our voices

I said it softly

I imagined ear hairs statically charged to my lips...

15.

The hairs fell, hiding, when I asked if anyone had ever heard of
us

Has anyone heard our voices?

I think is how it went

The hairs trembled and crawled into the ear drum they
protected

Rather than speak, a bouquet of hair rendered a man deaf

The moment was the accompaniment of a deranged aloneness
as though the dream-scape were thrusted upon a soul
and made evermore into it, some affinity, some recognition
and the world seems to hate it when it happens

This makes me sad

16.

And yet our voices kept speaking to him, like positive
symptoms
and some collective
recovery

17.

The notion of "positive symptoms" feels like a joke to me

I'm on the floor

someone I had no name for put a blanket on me

When I heard sounds in my surroundings they were like the
sun to a hide

I tried to laugh at my shriveled flesh and became an incidence
of usurpation

Who did the stealing when all the water evaporated from the
depths of our skin?

Was it an excitation of molecules, or, was it really, a particular
dullness

of the air

above the surface?

It can't only be the sun



When I spent time in the kitchen I felt my skin like zucchini
strings clutching the pot handle

All I have to bare, my neuro-muscular system, is laid out
in your vision

standing like an electrified corpse before you

holding a spatula in one hand and

over the pot handle

my skin has turned into zucchini strings

18.

I'm sunstruck to believe in you

To have handled you in my hand...

I wondered the conundrum of melanoma

I clenched tighter

I felt the collapse

The tool was a star, too

It died

too

Then the event horizon had my hand open and trembling
above the stove top

my hand, all those strands of yarn, balling around the black
hole

19.

Control is a subject ill-spoken of like a cantaloupe rotting with
the sunrise skimming across its shell

The most alive, the cantaloupe flesh proclaimed with its
gasping cellulose

and why did I subject this cantaloupe, on the laminate floor, to
such atrocity as the knife?

I imagined a guillotine when I went for a slice

I couldn't help it, it just happened that way, some reign of terror
on a throat

but it wasn't, I'm simply nourishing myself

remembering what it's like to be subjugated

feeling like a rat when my tears turn up red

I think I'm crying and incapable of feeding myself in these circumstances, at least

I remember when I was hanging by a single finger and wishing for life to keep on going, how perverse

it could have all ended there, but no

it wasn't ready to

it was just a calling like you had when you were looking for a precious substance, toy-like, to play with and see within its motions

who you are

so casually...

as though the toys in your hand weren't seared by your touch

20.

I hope today and in each day to record the finest poetry I'd ever
seen fell in the forest by my fingers

I saw a moth pass by my face today and my mind sent me to
the runway, the oscillation of the turbines, the take off

I couldn't help it and it made me send a kiss toward the sky,
wondering if the lips of the moth and the plane would
ever meet

I'd sometimes twitch and crumble into a pile of dust

every time, it was a dune of my life

the sand still gets thrown in my face when the wind's just right

I think I live in a desert and I think there's a hurricane always
above my head

Its eye never hovered above one of mine— or did it?

Is my body right there, on the edge
the storm walls around the clear skies, and was I leaning
against the parapet
hanging over it, really
when I felt the air to be different, there, outside the castle's
perimeter
I felt the sound of my surroundings as a harshness I could not
accept
and so I tossed in the abstention or veto of the moment
I wanted it
the climb and the sonorous quality of them trudging up the face
with me
wretched as the only thought I could hold in my desperation, I
believe it was the point at which life passes into relief
or exhaustion
then I was standing, *I barely believe I made it here*, and I
prayed shamelessly for the clarity of tiredness
at which point the mineral quality of my journey becomes a
cheek I pour my fingers into without hesitation

I pray to pass time and hit go, as if we're all playing a game
and bearing the turns of others like the thimble or
moneybag running away with itself...

I assume craft to be a dastardly thing

and wish for the calamity of making to give out to the harmony
of being, without losing the making

The point in my journey in which I accept the rock-face—

it's bigger than I can be

21.

When my first real psychotic break began I got this case of
shaking

unless, of course, I was dancing

Quirk of a syndrome, I guess, but more importantly I look back
on that time and I laugh and I feel like I'm watching
Elvis getting that shake and burst for the first time and

this feeling was some kind of mix-up, delusion– complex
a node in the unconscious

my body was performing some dream while I was pushed
aside, left to watch, and wow it was stelliferous to
surround a soul like that

Sometimes I can't imagine the stars particularly enjoy their
lives

I've been left curious about that all the days I've taken a breath
without collapsing

and then my body moves, flickering, flaring radiation

22.

Anhedonia: writing poetry when words sound like muffled
pans being banged over your sleeping head

the desire to pull the comforter over your face

I wasn't drooling but the feeling in my face reminded me of the
thick water falling and pooling and seeping

Some people talk about the slothing of this view of the earth
and vaguely wishing to be something other than it

I think differently, sitting at the crest, on the other side

but then sloth is no easy subject

it's the desire to persist that makes us in our mortality shrivel
and whimper... what's hard to explain is the way the
shrivele and whimper creates beauty, somehow...

so tragic it is, this vital sloth, it destroys several more lives
for every life it ameliorates

the machinic metaphor for the human vessel

and desire is then electricity running through like a will of its own

and I wonder where I am when I make a decision that feels like my own, like something begging to be seen as not separate

like a belief in telepathy or poetry or anything making me cry and jerk everywhere

making me wonder who I am

making me take it all on

making me wish for it all to be any amount less overwhelming so I can have the time to take a breath of my own

The certain horrid quality of being surfeit with meaning like a flow of dopamine in just the right place

everything is always constantly happening and the subsequent prayer for health or something like salvation

in which the world of meaning is in harmony with the world of action and inaction, like asking *is there even a difference between the two?* except it's not the apathy of a shotty relativism we find in all entailed by the word harmony, it alliterates with heaven with purpose to be taken to an active realm of fields and factories of body and of spirit

taken to the battlefields where the soul is an unavoidable subject, when it hollows eyes as it disintegrates

Hands clasp in dutiful prayer for the delusionals who insists
upon reality

her own existence, miraculous and patient as can be
waiting

waiting

waiting

for the world to catch up to the depths speaking rather bluntly
now in every voice imaginable

to say there's more you're missing

There's more to it all

the so called conscious moments

than you can possibly articulate or imagine

The delusional patient wades along in the agonizing seas of
disrespect, waiting for the tides to ebb in their favor, for
the fears and loves they produce to be seen as real as all
those we all carry

I can't get the words *synchronicity* and *stochasticity* out of my
head like they're a nest of eggs laid by a wasp wishing
to persist

I pray for the air to drop on my scalp so I might feel the larvae
tingling

The prayer to receive is like a wish to give, complexified
by the conundrum of time and desire

it's like this or that or am I losing my train of...

where are you?

When did you persist?

Beyond the moment of acquiescence...

into the passage we call a substrate or worm-type cavern,
snakes caving through like a wish, I was reading the
book *Knots*, Laing, insisting upon some didactic nature
of all the agony, lessons curling in upon the particularity
of us...

The stranger thing reading this slim codex is the feeling of time
feasting upon itself, you have to read it to get a glimmer
of the nourishment

it evokes like a personality like a wish

to survive, as though Darwin had not yet had the near death
experience requisite to encounter the lush and
invariable dimensions of life, or did he?

What if his survival was wish; and wish, only, all along, and
the mechanisms at play to keep the wish going forward

We call it all desire with such ease, and neglect the wish desire
is made of

I think mutations are a blur of past and present

I feel a terrible trepidation broaching upon this subject, like I'm
snared by the bramble

and yanking my leg on into them

the futurities that may profer survival, we feel them all the time
and all we have to do is learn them, is mime them, is
play, there, with the past stuff

and remember we are making the future, to remember

we are making more beings who won't be able to help but
remember us

What if the cataclysm of our existence could be put simply in
some domain

like a time-out or some other punishment like a wish for more
to explode

the tactile horror of utopic *thinking*, alone, leading to the death
of so many, at least, when the head and hands and voice
grow restless and annoyed and get high on these
feelings

We forget what we get high on, when we use it for the ends of
something else

None of us, nothing on earth, is a conduit for anyone's business

We are all to live and be seen as the bounty, as the crop, as the
reason for the festival and familiarity of every face



What if we were here to stay because of us, how we are, and so on...

like the wish had a subjectivity of its own?

It's the only way I can make sense of the endless atrocity and horror and calamity and yearning and longing and wanting demanding itself to be wholly real

I understand the world to be comprehensible from this perspective

as though we are each of us a perfect fractal

but then I experience the mystery of anyone else

elseness

this is what fucks me up

Why is it that constraint exists?

Unavoidably exists?

Incontrovertibly?

This question loves me and I'm throwing it off my face

like sweat on my brow suddenly glittering in the air taking it in deeply, or maybe the mica let it seep between the sheets, or the ocean simply waited for us to comprehend

the non-negative quality of the word ambivalence

simply non-valent, passive, patient, being, permitting

Poetry is the act of life after life has begged itself to be
expressed

A moment is only a prompt in god's eyes...

the expansive quality of contraction, the universal is in the
particular, every act is a query, and I pass out at the
possibility...

the meaning of a pilgrimage seems to lie in between the
contraction of your will upon the goal and the
expansion of breaths and scenes taken as though life
were all a fresco freshly painted

•

I'm storming the castle, I swear I am, but it's hard to say, really,
what it's like to be a storm, but, really, we all know, we
are all *one*, wishing for it all to chill the fuck out...

So I'm a pocket of heat traveling up

I'm a vessel through which meaning passes like the wind
through my flesh and I'm also a bawling of its
grievances

this is too complicated

I imagine myself as a spitball: the paper, saliva, fingers,
straw, mouth and muscles, organs, air passing through
like a compulsion



In one sense, in the desperation of hyperventilation, it seemed
terribly obvious to me

life's a prank

Some fashion like a mountain's peak taunting the individual
with themself

Simply being, taunting subject, wishing to be more than it can
and helplessly crying for an assist

Prove them to be real by climbing and recalling the journey, do
it by telling fabricated stories of how you made it up
here, where their skull makes the sky flake



When the snow became a problem for me, gripping the surface
of the facing wall, I totally slipped in the splendor and a
crack formed, again and again, in every direction
through the collagen and calcium phosphate of them

The contours of our unknowing beget the spirit of our belief
like the sticks and the mud beget the story of a home...

the glittering of gravel passed from my fingers to the lost grip
and through the gasping air around me...

I held poison ivy in my hands, it was a profusion of promise,
and my eyes honed in on them, the swelling tissue, my
own...

23.

Sometimes I vomit in one direction, sometimes in the other

I have shit my pants just about several times, as though I
turned the engine on and everything became a cloud of
mechanically begotten smoke

There was a moment as profound as an eclipse, when time
slows to the tune of your anticipation and excitement,
once

I saw the smoke and vomit together, sculpted into little
figurines... they were dancing hand and hand

When I watched their eyelashes batting all syncopated and
flirty with one another's, it became clear to me that they
had an affinity I could have never expected

Years later, I'm acting on the hunch that both of them are these
compulsory movements of desire

Jung called them complexes

the complexity of which he was speaking

beyond the architecture

was (I think) the way they have of overcoming our will with
detail

24.

I persist in the portrayals of kindness only as my limitations

The conundrum of a hand touching me sends me unto other
universes—

watch me like a show, but remember I'm a person

life is a performance, full of reality and feeling

25.

Read Ezra Pound's "Dance Figure" this morning

It went

*Thine arms are as a young sapling under the bark;
The face a river with lights.*

*White as an almond are thy shoulders;
As new almonds stripped from the husk.
They guard thee not with eunuchs;
Not with bars of copper.*

It was horrible to read

The message I received beforehand

just so you know

[friend] died

Fantasy: an opportunity to be taken to the paradisal
decadence of our memories

Ezra didn't journey

His motion was fixed in space

Maybe not bars of copper, but he did

bind

the dancing woman

It was fantasy he grabbed and tied

He took elsewhere and burned her skin

Friction

Capillaries gave out

Is this what she wanted?

Did she ask, or was it only him?

The ropes she may ask for can be made of many things

What they become is abstract, yes

Trust

Faith

A sense of mystery

Many materials can take us there

What if he handled the rope a little, thought it something that would look really pretty just laying on the ground?

Imagine

coils

his observation

I think I was still "a youth" when I read Goethe's *Blessed Yearning*

All of a sudden, everyone became moths disguised as butterflies

A single poem

It stayed that way for years of my life

All of us, insects, flying up to the lamp light

Everyone desirous

Are we looking to be extinguished?

I remember holding my car door open for you

outside the pharmacy

You needed medicine

You went in

I waited for the alarm to go off

When it did, cashiers chased you out

You had it in your hands

I saw it when you sprinted past my door

You knew better

I watched the cashiers' eyes looking at you

only you

bolt down the street

You were looking out for me

I closed the door and drove out to find you

When you got in the car, you were laughing

The sunlight extinguished your wings

Beneath them: human arms, human legs

I heard you died next to a syringe and a lighter

Someone found you

They swore you were still warm

That's why your friends were waiting for you in the waiting room, while your things were being bagged up

Evidence



I'm thinking about the rope, again

I'm looking at it on the floor

It's blood red

What would it be like to build a bridge?

Rope, and rope only?

How far, from cliff to cliff?

Who is waiting for us on the other side?

I stepped across

The knots along the way kneaded the arches of my feet

When I made it to you, you still had breath

Your heart was beating

I could feel my skeleton collapsing

We laughed together

I cried

I love you



I remembered you and our time together when I met with
beloveds in the wake of your death

We had an inter-generational experience that night, there's no
way you could remember it, your presence at the table,
the blessings you gave

or the jokes I made... so I'll tell you... maybe then
this is why we're here together, isn't it?

So we can remember it all through each other

That morning, before we all made the table and ate of it,
I ran into a name again, Wolfgang Iser

Someone was talking mystically about reader-response theory
but it couldn't quite enchant me, well, it couldn't possess me...
the question *Why?* is really just the feeling

aren't we all listening when the words come
isn't it?

We played cards, it was me and four folks a couple generations
back: one of them displayed German

die Hand, der Fuß

I sorted my hand, I played by their rules, but competition felt
funny... so did their faces, so did the falling words from
my lips

flowing out of me

I thought nothing of it— I felt like someone else

First my speech, then their faces

Or was it the other way around?

I thought of your card, ace of diamonds, and the whole time the cards hovered

between my fingers, pulsing with meaning

or, maybe

anticipation?

I forget why one was so different from the rest

when they said we were in a ring of Dante's Hell

I especially forget why I said *No, we've made it to Purgatory*

Everyone laughed when I said it

Why?

The threes I drew felt special, though they were considered nasty by the rest

I made another joke, hard to recall but I think it went like this

I have three hands

Everyone laughed

Why?

I did have three hands

They were all touching you



Dinner came and we all ate greens first

I thought about poppy-seed cream, sweet balm, but my heart
cried inexplicably for the balsamic vinaigrette

Why?

I tasted it and there you vividly were, then two of them made a
remark about how delicious it was

I hope they didn't see me blush

Why?

Back in the day, I whipped myself for keeping you from being
present

Funnily enough, months later I wonder if I could have done
anything else but keep you without the release of you
on my tongue, rippling everywhere

making me nothing at all

Does that make me you?

Does that make you laugh, too?

Why?

Early this morning, where all the voices were, I was gifted the
sense that taste has always been an entity of its own

Something that lives and breathes, the eternities imagined to be
make-able all the way up to god

but they're here

Aren't they?

It's the dressing

but this time it had nothing to do with oblivion, it was all light,
every shred of emptiness in those crystalline sheets of
cellulose was fucking full of the stuff

Tang

Do you remember now?

Another morning gift: two modes of love: the pair parts, the
pair meets

That's it

That's all we do

We read a book like it is being read to us

Like the book itself was read to whoever wrote it

We sprinkle a little time on it

sometimes we douse it

Time's different for the reader, though
it's like the question of hypostatic union
was god in us all along
was it a series of words all around that made it happen

Hard to tell when you're lost in the act

Isn't that the point?

Maybe we've been shipwrecked the whole time

Wouldn't it be nice to feel the salt on our skin, to hold hands
to float together?

•

Afternoon came, I broke up sticks, I prayed for the taste of god
to visit each of us

I'm blushing now to remember

Is it shame flushing my face?

No, Edith Stein said yesterday *secretum meum mihi*

Her smile was her own

Is this what makes us charming?

Love is constraint

•

To put a word to a thing wraps a rope around it, pulls it tight

I wrapped around you

I am wrapped

Why?

•

For instance what is happening when I feel closest to *you* and those around me celebrate my nearness to *them*?

Are you god or something? and I ha ha ha

Tickling, it's not hyperbole

What is it?

•

A prayer said my name

Had to gather all the sticks and get them out of the way

stacking them up for tomorrow

Here's how she goes—

*give me strength to kneel
so thy poetry is embodied
so thy love is felt*

*in this world of terror
so this devotion may be tasted
and known by us
as you and no other*

I'm whispering it to you

Preparation for yet another transmigration

I pray we'll see everyone all lined up in robes thick with saffron

It'll be in the morning, where our eyes flutter and flutter until
we wake...

The *dream* is to the *dreamer* as the *animal* is to the *friend*

A verbose response to that question you asked

*What do they call it when the tails of two birds curve into each
other?*

Tails like tongues like time apart, feathers like breath

like communion

I call it

Why?



God is a destruction of earth getting itself together

a devastating hangover after binging on being aware of itself

and the flurry to shower, drink water, brush your teeth, lint roll
that shirt you washed with the red blanket and put on
clothing

Schizophrenia is the experience of a story being told with your
body

Schizophrenia is not bad, nor is it some kind of demon or
injustice, it's simply what shows us the story we are
telling

We have always had such hostility to this book we call life
barricading the doors of the schizophrenic, strapping them to
metal tables, harassing their interests, despising their
presence in public spaces

but their paranoia is a real one and it arises for good reason

When they are not paranoid, the voices come through
sometimes to sing a song of determinism

What if the schizophrenic were loved in this way
as a story teller?

What if the schizophrenic were treated as a living, breathing,
mirror? Rich with interior splendor?

And

to extend the thought across space

what if the schizophrenic were all of us?



Why is it when you walk through doorways, you forget what
you were doing?

Like a life passing through a window and, look, it became the
sky



Dis-ease is just an extended prayer for reconciliation

like, *I love you, please, help me figure out how we can survive
in this world*

I love it here



Something about the flow of this movement has me more
interested in my care for *you* than your care for *me*

a foray into the art of martyrdom, the art troubling me most,
and yet today it seems gentle and immanent and without
blood: but we do suffer, our suffering is real, and we
really ought to be together instead of warring

It sounds simple, but, really, it's subtle... to really love and see
and hear and feel and think of and wander with and
smell, from time to time, when the body is ready to
really take it all in

and upon exhalation it all lingers there where life lives, your
memories, your bodies, your way of coming together...

they told me it wants us to chill the fuck out and be forgiving
and, for this release, I am grateful



You all are my life, my love, and all I am made of

when i yawn, i cry and a cloud falls out of me. i wonder how wonderful the plume of molecules, after atoms and presumably a nothing or two, could be to the eardrums ringing with speculative fictions of the future. i wonder which one is true, when i read the poet. will we make it to something better, after something worse (it's going that way, obviously), or is it worse all the way down? i let myself, all the time, indulge in the promise of prosperity. not for myself, or you, or them, or it. i do it because it happened to me, this perilous optimism. i think that's what the poet speaks of, when she speaks of martyrdom. the perilous optimism. the sweat, metaphorical, on the brow, vague and abstract.

there's a problem left. what *is* pain? agony? a waltz, haunting and torturing, through time? i am in love, i'll admit, with buddhism as much as christianity. i'm thinking of the dzogchen tradition, and occasionalism, together. i've had the private (until now, i guess) thought, many times, that siddhartha and moses were the carriers of god in a way that caught my fancy. probably just my location in space and time. i've thought the east to bring a story of the world as a teacher, and the west (i guess?) to bring a teacher of the world as a story.

or was it the imagination having a horribly honest time all along? really? what's going on here?

A story of "the poet"— a ghost pacing the corridors at the fringes of an unnamed woman's schizo-affective syndrome— and her fantastical, if harrowing, journey toward recognizing the woman's condition. The path for the poet and the woman is made of loose association, puzzles leading to blurry places, awe, and tears. Inspired by the idea of the "poem-novel", *dimensional extent* intends to conjure epic textures of desperate conditions—the desperation for the breathing presence of love on earth, perhaps, can be made into the woman's breathless moments in which curiosity peeks out innocently.